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Serving Witnesses

"Now get up and stand on your feet. I have appeared to you to appoint you as a servant and as a witness of what you have seen of me and what I will show you" (Acts 26:16).

These words are the words Jesus spoke to Saul as he was on his way to persecute the Christians of Damascus. This "road to Damascus" experience of seeing the risen Christ and hearing his voice, marks the turning in Saul's life. Saul is converted, renamed Paul, and becomes one of the key leaders in the New Testament church.

The two things that mark Paul's appointment — to be both a servant and a witness — are the same for all Christians, not just for Paul. We serve because Christ serves us by freeing us from our sin and making us right with God. This is a debt we cannot repay. But we can, by Christ's command, fulfill the debt of love that Christ calls us to give to others. To serve is to give to others regardless of personal benefit. To serve is

to give in secret without soliciting or expecting any kind of "thank you." To serve is to go out of the way to make a positive difference in the life of another.

We witness to who Christ is and to what he has done in our lives. God has sent witnesses into our lives out of his gracious mercy that we too might be included in this covenant of grace. If God had not sent us witnesses, we would have never known the Good News of Jesus Christ. We would have never become Christians. We did nothing to deserve being included, but we are eternally grateful that others took the risk and made the time to share the Gospel with us and with our forebears. So, now it is our turn. When we witness we speak of our faith to others. When we witness we can pray out loud without shame or fear. (Do you offer a grace in restaurants?) When we witness we make the time to speak with others about our faith because we know that God loves them just as much as he does us.

To see our Christian responsibility as being both

servants and witnesses helps to keep us in balance. Limiting our response to either being a servant or a witness inevitably throws us off kilter. If we are only servants, we may use this as an excuse not to speak up. ("I want to show people my faith, not speak about it.") Such a posture can be merely an excuse for lack of courage. If we are only witnesses and not servants we can be tempted to arrogance and offer words that are not backed up by deeds.

God will grant us the power and grace to be both servants and witnesses so that we can both speak out about injustices and work to make things right. We can talk of the sacrificial love of God and give sacrificially of our time and efforts to demonstrate that love to others. God has placed servant/witnesses in our path to show us the way. Now it is our turn.

 The Rev. Greg Brewer, Church of the Good Samaritan, Paoli, Pennsylvania

Let Us Play

The Lord created me at the beginning of his work,
The first of his acts of old...
When he established the heavens, I was there,...
When he marked out the foundations of the earth, then I was beside him, like a master workman and I was daily his delight, rejoicing before him always, rejoicing in his inhabited world

and delighting in the sons of men.

(Proverbs 8:22, 27, 29b-31)

Summer brings with it a strange upside-downness: We play at our work and work at our play! Family daily schedules change as children are not rushing to school and adults slow down in the heat, daydream on the job, or relax their dress. The "rat race" may slow a bit.

Vacations — theoretically times for re-creation and outdoor play, may require great deal of work, as travel plans, menus, accommodations in strange places make "play" a chore. Leave it to the wisdom of Proverbs to point out

God's way to work and play: be with him, delight in him, work with him, play with him.

Although the Church's program tends to subside during the summer, the opportunities to simply love God and delight in him can continue in June, July, and August. The Life of the Holy Trinity — the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit — beckons us out to work and play.

 Pay attention to God's handiwork and praise the Father for the beauty of roses blooming and tomatoes

ripening.

• Celebrate the Grace of Life - praising the Son of God for calling you to share in the mission of drawing others to his work of salvation through the Church. Have some fun with your parish family! Welcome a visitor. Invite a friend or neighbor.

 Give thanks for the people God has given you as your family and friends to savor life together. Wonder at the Holy Spirit's reconciling and uniting power in your reunions and family celebrations. Pray for forgiveness and give it to others.

A friend of mine once said: "Life is too important to take

too seriously!"

How often do we make of our own little personal worlds a great melodrama of very, very serious import? Perhaps, as we say, "Let us pray," we may add this summer, "Let us play." After all, play is a vital part of the abundant life God desires for you and me.

The Rev. Stuart Smith,
 All Saints',
 Memphis, Tennessee

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Walking With Christ

Lord Jesus Christ, Saviour of all, You died to set us free; Share with us now, that heav'nly call to live eternally.

Lord, walk beside us in the strife; our tired hands stretched out.
Lead us to know you, Lord of life; souls ringed with Grace about.

We lift our hearts to you, O Lord; our prayers ascend with praise.

We're called from sin, to saints' reward with Christ — eternal days!

Give us your Grace, O God of love, to guide us on the Way.
Give courage here, for life above is ours to gain, we pray.

To be sung to the music for *Amazing Grace*; (words composed by the Rev. John Newton). Music: *New Britain*, from *Virginia Harmony*, 1831. Words above were composed on November 20, 2002, by Fr. Keith Mason, retired Rector of St. Mark's Church, Leominster, Massachusetts.

He Transfigured You and Me

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

5th Stanza, The Battle Hymn of the Republic, by Julia Ward Howe

The Battle Hymn of the Republic is steeped in Scriptural references. Some of them seem to come from the Book of the Revelation to John, but this last stanza comes from the story of the Transfiguration.

What I find interesting in this great hymn is the reference to "you and me." The Transfiguration seems to be, in Julia Ward Howe's mind, an event that not only revealed Jesus as who he is, but it also reveals who we are.

This hymn was a rousing anthem to encourage the men of the Union Army in the Civil War to be brave, and to remember their purpose. Howe used the Scriptures to make her point, and it is like-

ly that everyone who sang this hymn in the 1860s understood the Scriptural reference.

Today we still have the duty to make people free. This is our individual as well as our national responsibility. The problem is, however, we seem to have forgotten why we have this obligation. It is because of the Transfiguration of Jesus, Julia Ward Howe tells us, we now have that same duty of liberation to undertake.

In the Transfiguration story, which we find in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke, Jesus is seen standing between Moses and Elijah, and in the vision of this event, Jesus is glorified, that is transfigured, in to a newly formed being. He is dazzling and glowing in white or golden radiance. In this vision, the disciples see Jesus talking to Moses and Elijah.

The point is that Jesus is now the completion of the reconciling act of God. Jesus is the fulfillment of the law and the prophets. Everything that has come before Jesus in the Hebrew story points to this event and this person lesus.

What does that mean for

you and me?

In the power of the transfiguration, an event that has the potential to change everyone who has the imagination to see it for themselves, the followers of Jesus begin with confidence to be men and women who proclaim the "perfect law of liberty", and James refers to our existence as Christian people.

The perfect law of liberty is more than license; that is, we cannot ignore those things that work against the reconciling act of God, as given to us through the Scriptures. Our duty is to ask how does Jesus handle the unexpected, the unseemly, and those things or behaviors that bother us? He seems to always offer mercy. Instead of jailing people in their sin, he offers repentance in that he tells the repentant "To go and sin no more."

Thus this transfigured state of ours, as followers of Jesus, requires us to do the same. The same is this: recognize the humanity of everyone, and allow everyone to live in his or her own sense of human dignity, and be ready to accept and to give repentance without commentary.

Think of the freedom that comes by not being the one who has to judge. Then think of the freedom of being beyond judgment, that is, knowing that in your commitment to Christ Jesus as his disciple and one dedicated to the reconciling acts of God, your life is now God's to mold and Jesus' to teach.

I don't suppose we think of ourselves as transfigured people. Most of us, even after experiencing the joy of being Christ's own forever, go about our normal lives of family, work, and leisure. However, it is good to remember, as we slip back into the routine and rut of simply getting along, that we have been transfigured, as Jesus was so long ago and so far away.

- The Rev. William Bellais, Grace Church, Chillicothe, Missouri



NORTHERN LIGHTS



As a little boy growing up in the 1960s, I was thoroughly indoctrinated into the environmental movement that, even then, had become social orthodoxy. One of my first exercises in plagiarism was an essay on "noise pollution" which I submitted at the age of eight. I phoned up an elderly neighbor, the redoubtable feminist Charlotte Whitton, who cheerfully dictated it to me. (Miss Whitton is mostly remembered today for her wit: "Whatever women do they must do twice as well as men to be thought of half as good. Luckily, this is not difficult.")

At school assemblies, zealots from Pollution Probe would try to terrorize us with images of a menacing environmental clock which was out there somewhere ticking until it would chime at the hour when human life would be expunged and wheezing rats would inherit the blackened planet. This was projected to occur around 1995 or so.

Like many children of my generation, not having gone deaf, and with scarcely an asthmatic rat in sight, I became an eco-skeptic, fueled in part by my wife's uncle Gerry, an environmental scientist from California, who loved to skewer the simplemindedness of Mother Earth's self-appointed celebrity friends. Gerry would comment dryly that among the greatest producers of greenhouse gases are herds of cows. (280 litres of methane per cow daily to be precise). Earlier this year, the journal Nature published findings that forests may actually increase, rather than combat, global warming by producing large quantities of this greenhouse gas.

So I am surprised to find myself for the first time in my life genuinely worried about the environment. It is not that I am any less agnostic about its baroque and unspeakably complex workings. I leave my affirmations of faith to matters of religion.

But in a debate between scientists about whether global warming is man-made or part of a natural cycle, prudence surely lies with assuming that the responsibility is ours.

On the face of it, the issue is primarily about the use of oil and gas. The Archbishop of Canterbury has drawn attention to projections that over the next 25 years the growth of the Chinese and Indian economies will result in a 60% increase in carbon emissions. The possible resulting increase in droughts in sub-Saharan Africa, and rising water-levels in the Indian sub-continent, would have an appalling human cost, a cost as always primarily borne by children.

He could be wrong. There is no scientific consensus on these matters. Predictably he has been attacked on this as silly, ignorant and alarmist. In Canada, the new Government has recently been lobbied by sixty climate scientists, all skeptics on global warming. Nonetheless, I think the Archbishop has done well to speak. With

stakes as high as these, I will choose Chicken Little over Pollvanna any time.

The threat will need to be tackled morally if it is to be tackled in time. The forces of governmental inertia, the nearsightedness and selfishness of voters and corporations, the craven and supine posture of political leaders—all these are enormous obstacles. Who will save us from ourselves?

One might look to Ezekiel for the judgment we face: Is it not enough for you to feed on the good pasture, that you must tread down with your feet the rest of your pasture; and to drink of clear water, that you must muddy the rest of the water with your feet? And must my sheep eat what you have trodden with your feet, and drink what you have muddied with your feet?

And to Babel: And they said, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and let us make us a name, lest we be scattered abroad upon the face of the whole earth.

If the ruinous course our

industrialized societies are taking is to be reversed, we will all need to recognize that we are creatures with Godgiven limits, not gods with a right to consume the heritage of our grandchildren. We need to repent and pray that God will deepen our conversion to help us live as stewards first and consumers second.

My prayer is that governments will legislate not just for this generation but for those to come, and undertake binding and effectual international commitments. There is still time. All that is lacking is the steady resolve that comes from a reasonable, religious and holy hope.



 The Rt. Rev. Anthony Burton, Bishop of Saskatchewan

BETHEL

Inside me, deep,

is a stone, at the foot

of a ladder, where I wrestle

with an angel.

I've already put the stone

there, because I know,

not that I'm done,

but that this, this

is sacred work, sacred ground.

Mr. Christopher Kuhl
 North Aurora,
 Illinois



Life Lessons From Noah

- 1. Don't miss the boat.
- 2. Remember that we are all in the same boat.
- 3. Plan ahead. It wasn't raining when Noah built the Ark.
- 4. Stay fit. When you're 600 years old someone may ask you to do something really big.
- 5. Don't listen to critics; just get on with the job that needs to be done.
- 6. Build your future on high ground.
- 7. For safety's sake travel in pairs.
- 8. Speed isn't everything.
 The snails were on board with the cheetahs.
- 9. When you're stressed, float awhile.
- 10. Remember the Ark was built by amateurs, the Titanic by professionals.

- 11. If you can't fight or fleefloat.
- 12. Take care of your animals as if they were the last ones on earth.
- 13. When the doo-doo gets really deep, don't sit there and complain grab a shovel.
- 14. Stay below deck during the storm.
- 15. If you have to start over, have a friend by your side.
- 16. Remember that the woodpeckers INSIDE are often a bigger threat than the storm outside.
- 17. When you're stressed, float a while.
- 18. No matter the storm, when you are with God there's always a rainbow waiting.

- Taddled

Innovative Churches

In Houston where bigger is expected and megachurches abound, I took frustrated leaders of three small Episcopal parishes and one Methodist church back to 1964. That's the year membership in the Episcopal Church peaked and a four-decade decline began. Other mainline Protestant denomi-

nations sagged, too.

"What happened in 1964?" I asked in a church wellness seminar. Answers came flying. "Beatles on Ed Sullivan." "Vietnam." "Bra-burning." "Martin Luther King." "The Ford Mustang." All actual events, but not the biggest event of 1964 affecting church membership. Neither was the early rumbling of liturgical change or emergence of women in church leadership. What happened in 1964, I told them, was that postwar baby boomers began to graduate from high school. They left home, and many parents lost their main reason for attending church.

We didn't give them other reasons to stay, I said. We went one decade not even

acknowledging their absence and then two decades blaming their absence on whatever we didn't like. Meanwhile, we clung to locations, facilities, and operating methods that worked in the 1950s but became increasingly outmoded, inefficient, and burdensome. Think corner drugstore, I said, corner hardware store, mom-and-pop market, neighborhood one-screen movie theater.

Now think CVS, Home Depot, Kroger, 16-screen theater, and NetFlix. Think megachurch, the religious equivalent of Wal-Mart.

Don't scoff at the megachurch, I said. Its theology might be more conservative than ours, and its Sunday productions might seem glib to us. But we should study its methodology.

Megachurches study their market. They study people's needs. They evaluate constantly. They keep improving. If something stops working, they stop doing it. They use modern tools, like

the Internet, and they go where the people are. They have a fresh and well-considered purpose for everything they do, from traffic flow to strategies for ministry. Don't pine for yesterday, I said, and don't pretend yesterday is coming back. Your congregations are struggling, I said, because the world changed and you didn't. You hung onto the corner-store model too long. Don't feel guilty, don't blame clergy or past lay leaders, and don't blame the megachurches for being successful

People change, needs change, neighborhoods change, markets change. In the years after World War II, as Americans moved to cities and suburbs, people looked to church for socialization, a sense of belonging. Now their 2006 counterparts look to church for meaning and depth and for a Christian community that can nurture faithful living. They have zero tolerance for institutional overhead and stale arguments.

Changes continue to hap-

pen. Every institution, even today's megachurch, needs to be attentive and nimble. Consider the boom in online religion and house churches unaffiliated with any institution. We need to be as responsive to market preferences as any business.

The world is largely unchurched, I said. There's no shortage of people seeking God. They just don't want to buy what you're selling. So do it differently. You have something life-changing to offer.

Then from one participant came those magic words that any teacher longs to hear: "How can we do it better?"

The Rev. Tom Ehrich,
 Episcopal priest, writer, and
 computer consultant

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Each chapter includes a theological reflection on how a par-

ticular facet of Islam may enhance (rather than detract from) our own Christian self-understanding. At times humorous, questioning, and warm, *Meeting Islam* is an engaging guide to the rewards (and dangers) of venturing outside the boundaries of one's own faith.

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THE SENSE OF THE CALL: A Sabbath Way of Life for Those Who Serve God, the Church, and the World, by Marva J. Dawn, a theologian, author, and educator with Christians Equipped for Ministry, Vancouver, Washington. All royalties from her books go to ministries of education, community building, and gaze for the poor.

building, and care for the poor.

Why is it so hard to serve God these days? Church workers suffer from low morale, while Christians of all stripes struggle to find their way in a culture fixated on sexuality, violence and wealth. In *Keeping the Sabbath Wholly* (1989), Marva Dawn introduced the vital Sabbath aspects of *resting*, *ceasing*, *feasting* and *embracing*. Now, in *The Sense of the Call*, she expands these into a way of life for serving God and the Kingdom every day of the week.

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TAD064

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Letters to TAD

- What a great issue [Easter 2006]. Greg Kronz's article, Greg Brewer's piece. Al Reimers, whose wife lived with us for nearly a year. I really appreciated your article and the invitation to thank God for our faith. (Don't ever remember doing that and it was good to do) I am presently working with two teens that say they do not believe in God. Your article will be helpful in our dialogue and your prayers will be appreciated. - Thanks, Dave Canan
- I have enjoyed reading TAD for many, many years and now am so pleased that I can also view your wonderful magazine on the web. The many articles in TAD are interesting, insightful, funny, and very meaningful to me. I have even tried some of the recipes I've found but not the one in the Advent copy for Thanksgiving Dressing!!! Thank you so much for providing food for our souls. Virginia Meyer

 "It's About the Evidence," [Easter 2006] touched my heart, rang a bell, and brought back many experiences. Your testimony runs true for me, as I have always said that God has had to knock me in the head with a two-by-four and kick me in the shins to get me to listen - not unlike the Hebrews who had to be brought up short from timeto-time. I was brought up in Glens Falls, NY, and grew up on Lake George. When my twin sister and I were five we were caught in a Lake George storm with my parents in a motorboat an hour from Dunham's Bay where we kept the boat. One does not forget the wind, waves, and, at some times on the Lake, waterspouts. The very depth for the lake along with its cold springs in the bottom can cause some very interesting situations. I remember as a sixth grade student doing a science report. A scientist at GE in Schenectady said that science could not be practiced in the lab unless God were there. For some reason, I have never forgotten that and through the years, as I have

studied and learned, I know the two are inexplicably intertwined. Your explanation of evidence goes on to prove that Iesus indeed, is who he says he is! In so many ways in my life the Lord has gotten through to me, he has condescended to do it in an astonishing way. It is a miracle and I am blessed. But it is what you said at the end of your piece that truly set the "a-ha" light bulb flashing ... part of what it means to be an evangelistic parish, to be an evangelistic Christian, is to be willing to condescend and do anything, no matter what, in order to enable people to hear the gospel on their own terms. That is what should always be at the forefront of my thinking - but I often forget! I did not mean to write this much, but wanted to tell you how your piece clarified, in simple words, my job as an evangelistic Christian. Thank vou, Kendall Harmon and THE ANGLICAN DIGEST. We've been readers for years and are thankful that you are now the Editor!

Getting It Right

The Pentecost 2006 issue presented the poem "Pentecost" on page 52. Regrettably, there were a number of errors introduced when the poem was set for print and these errors escaped notice until the issue was in publication. With apologies to the author, The Rev. Anne O. Weatherholt, and our readers, we have reproduced the poem, hopefully error-free, in this issue.



The article, "Holy Pascha!" in the EASTER 2006 issue of THE ANGLICAN DIGEST came from the pen of The Rev. Paul Goranson at Grace Church, Oxford, as indicated. This city of Oxford, however, is located in Massachusetts — NOT Maine — as indicated in the credit.



Pentecost

We poured out into the streets...

Eyes glazed and wandering...

With mouths working in strange syllables only translated by those from other lands who heard the words of hope and salvation.

(No wonder others who passed by thought these enthusiasts were drunk);

As drunk we were from the new wine poured out into our hearts... the wine long aged and now ready to serve.

From an upper room where flames had singed the air above our heads and retused to be blown out by rushing winds of refreshment came our motley band: we who had first grieved, then disbelieved, then rejoiced.

Among us had the Lord eaten, taught, and even urged us to thrust our human, trembling hands towards the fresh wounds,

healed vet open — that betrayed suffering and resurrection.

After the mystery of forty days of Presence now removed, new present was given on the golden fiftieth day, one that had been promised and anticipated.

Prophetic [oe] had dreamed of this day,

his mind permeated by the visions of a healing tsunami

engulfing the whole earth.

Young and old, women and men, slave and free, servant and lord would find themselves survivors in the same lifeboat, cast ashore to begin a new world,

given all that was needed to survive and all would

share equally,

knowing that the water of life would never run dry and the manna of heaven would be given each day in measure needed.

We are people of Pentecost, filled with sloshing new wine that sometimes threatens our equilibrium as with joy we lurch onward.

We are still speaking in tongues, being given languages with which to share the nourishment of God's power, the promise of His love which sustains true life.

- The Rev. Anne O. Weatherholt, St. Mark's, Boonsboro, Maryland

Dogged by Doubt?



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See page 42

Theses from a Seminary Door . . .

Journey Home?



Once I made a pastoral call on a woman who was dying at Rosary Hill, a Roman Catholic hospice located in Hawthorne, New York. I was touched by the spirit of the place, by the quiet modesty of the Sisters and by the tender attention

given to the dying.

I did not know then that the founder of Rosary Hill was Rose Hawthorne, the daughter of the novelist Nathaniel Hawthorne, who had converted to Catholicism and founded an order of nursing Sisters. This same Rose Hawthorne is now a formal candidate for sainthood. What an amazing fact!

The first Hawthorne (originally spelled "Hathorne") to come to America was a Puritan of the Puritans, a founder of Salem, Massachusetts. His son presided at the Salem Witch Trials in 1692. Later, Nathaniel Hawthorne became, together with Melville and Poe, one of our greatest Nineteenth Century authors. Hawthorne himself was a def-

inite Protestant, who thought the Transcendentalists, almost all of whom he knew personally, held too high a view of human nature. Yet all around him the old evangelical tradition of the Puritans was

turning Unitarian!

Then one of his daughters, Una, became an Anglo-Catholic Episcopalian, while the other, Rose, turned to Rome. It is all a kind of sevengeneration "journey home." (Do you ever watch EWTN? That station, the Eternal Word Television Network, carries a weekly program entitled "The Journey Home", featuring Protestant lay people and clergy who have become Roman Catholics. Incidentally, if you want to see your old friends who became disenchanted with the Episcopal Church, just tune in! You won't believe the familiar names and faces.)

But I understand this! I can see why many Episcopalians are attracted to Roman Catholicism. The Hawthornes' story could be telescoped down to a single generation. You start out mainstream Protestant of one kind or another; you watch the metamorphosis of your church into an almost entirely "liberal" entity, speaking the slogans of the world; you are attracted to one or another form of evangelicalism or Pentecostalism, but they prove shallow; then finally you hang it up and go over to the rock-steady beat of the Old Church. Like Rose Hawthorne. And she was humble and did a whole lot of good.

For myself, I cannot take this road. Some anchored doctrines stand in the way, not to mention history, personal and familial. We also know that Rome is not as monochrome or central in authority as we, from our side, sometimes imagine it to be. Nevertheless, there is a kind of logic to it. It almost seems to beckon.

 The Very Rev. Dr.theol. Paul F.M. Zahl, Dean and President, Trinity Episcopal School for Ministry, Ambridge, Pennsylvania

Guest Quarters at HILLSPEAK



Whether seeking the serenity of an Ozark mountain retreat, searching shelves in Operation Pass Along, or doing research in the Foland Library, Hillspeak's guest quarters are ideal. Scenic vistas from atop Grindstone Mountain and the proximity of Eureka Springs draw visitors from around the world. Each of the units accommodates up to four people with a fully equipped kitchen. See them online at anglicandigest.org or call for more information or to make reservations. Linens are supplied but no maid service. Plan to spend some time with us.

> 479-253-9701 8-5 Central Time M-F

Help My Unbekel

There is an interesting little scene in Mark's Gospel. A man comes to Jesus and asks that our Lord heal him. Jesus says "Everything is possible for him who believes." And the father, obviously with great enthusiasm says, "I do believe; help me overcome my unbelief!" (Mark 9:14-29).

Now isn't that something? "I do believe; help me overcome my unbelief!" Which is it? Does he believe? Or does he need help to believe? Probably, no obviously, both. I would bet that is where many of us are in our Christian walk. We believe, we doubt; we "feel it," we don't: we are serious or we are carefree; sometimes walking with our Lord feels as close as the person next to you, and other times, well, "Where is he?" Lord help us!

Quite recently someone said to me, "I wish my faith were as strong as yours." Seems like something you might say to your priest; and, of course, seems a proper assumption that the faith of a clergyman has some, perhaps just a bit, more strength than that of someone who has not been prepared for ordained ministry. But, sorry, I have to hit the buzzer on this one: "Wrong!"

Like anyone, sometimes my faith is strong, sometimes, weak. There are days when I know who I am, what I am called to do, and why I am called to do it; and there are days with the despair of doubt creeps into my heart and mind like anyone.

We are told one of the requests of Jesus by the Apostles was to "Increase our faith!" (see Luke 17:5-10). Why would Jesus' Twelve — the Chosen Ones — need an increase in faith? Well, because like you, and like me, they struggled.

Now there are all kinds of remedies for our wrestlings with doubt and lack of faith — pray, read the Scriptures, talk to your rector (uh, perhaps on a day when he does not need to talk to you about his own struggles!), worship, give it the old college try. One thing is simply to live

like you are a person of faith. I know that at one point after cleaning up (again ... argh!) after Hurricane Dennis, I felt like I did not have it in me to pick up one more limb, gather one more bit of garbage, sweat out one more bit of perspiration. I wanted to quit, but time did not allow me: so even when it felt like I could not; I just moved my feet and arms and did the work, (even when my heart and mind weren't in it!). The end result - the work got done!

Here, let me turn to our old friend C.S. Lewis again, -[People] are told they ought to love God. They cannot find any such feeling in themselves. What are they to do? The answer is the same as before. Act as if you did. Do not sit trying to manufacture feelings. Ask yourself, "If I were sure that I loved God, what would I do?" When you have found the answer, go and do it. On the whole, God's love for us is a much safer subject to think about than our love for him. Nobody can always have devout feelings: and even if we could, feelings are not what God principally cares about. Christian Love, either towards God or towards man, is an affair of the will. If we are tying to do his will we are obeying the commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God." He will give us feelings of love if he pleases. We cannot create them for ourselves, and we must not demand them as a right. But the great thing to remember is that, though our feelings come and go, his love for us does not. It is not wearied by our sins, or our indifference; and, therefore, it is quite relentless in its determination that we shall be cured of those sins, at whatever costs to us, at whatever cost to him.

Good words, I think, good words indeed. In the meantime, my prayer is "I believe, help my unbelief!" What about yours?

The Rev. Dr. Russell
 J. Levenson, Jr.,
 Christ Church,
 Pensacola, Florida

Embryo Adoption

Embryo adoption. Never heard of it? You're not alone. My four-month old son, Sam, can't begin to understand it, yet it's the reason he is alive today. Sam, you see, was conceived in a laboratory in 2000 - the product of in vitro fertilization. He and thirteen of his siblings were only two cells each when they were frozen by their genetic parents. These fourteen embryos were "extra", created in case the fresh embryos failed to result in a live birth.

My husband and I adopted all fourteen of those embryos. Fourteen is a lot of children by any standard, but in the world of in vitro fertilization fourteen embryos doesn't mean fourteen children. Our little Sam was the only one out of four embryos to survive all the steps (thawing, dividing, implantation, gestation) necessary to be born last year. We have ten more embryos still frozen, waiting to thaw, divide, implant, gestate, and be born.

Due to deep concerns about the morality of in vitro fertilization, we never sought a medical solution for our infertility. From the moment of diagnosis (after several years of failed attempts at pregnancy the old fashioned way), we planned to adopt. First we came to grips with the reality of our infertility. We read books about "people like us." We disclosed the news to close friends. The maternity clothes in our garage were given away. We cried. We prayed. Then we launched into an investigation of the many adoption options. Foreign vs. domestic, infant vs. toddler, open vs. closed. We were never on the same page. We celebrated our ninth wedding anniversary. Our closest friends announced their third, fourth, and fifth pregnancies. We got older. We argued about what to do.

Finally, we chose an adoption agency and started making our way though the stack of application materials, despite our continuing disagreements about the partic-

ulars. Then one random wintry night we watched 60 Minutes II, having run across it while channel surfing. One of the stories that night was about the changing face of in vitro fertilization with regard to gender selection. The featured couple had three sons, but desperately wanted a daughter. Their doctor fertilized several of the woman's eggs and tested them to determine the sex of each one. Then the woman underwent the remainder of the in vitro fertilization treatment. using only the female embryos. Nine months later the couple added twin girls to their family of three boys. We looked at each other and asked the question that 60 Minutes II didn't ask. "What about the male embryos they didn't want?" That night we Googled "embryo" and "adoption" to see if, by chance, such embryos could be adopted by another couple. We found two sites: The National Embryo Donation Center (www.embryodonation.org) and Nightlight Christian Adoptions (www. nightlight.org). Both organi-

zations are run by Christians with the express purpose of finding homes for the thousands of frozen embryos currently available for adoption (a fraction of the 400,000 total frozen embryos) in the United States.

he 60 Minutes II show aired in April. We sent our application to the National Embryo Donation Center in June. Our initial appointment with the doctor was in October. Our home study was completed in November. Medical preparation in the form of daily injections began in December. And, last January, four of our frozen babies were thawed and transferred. An ultrasound confirmed the pregnancy in February, and our one little survivor. Clement Luke Samuel Weiler. was born on October 15, 2005.

All along the way we had interesting conversations with friends and family. What's the best way to explain that you're adopting fourteen frozen babies and will carry them *in utero*? That you know a little about their

background, but not much beyond height, weight, eve color, hair color, and medical history of the donors? That from your fourteen embryos you will (maybe) give birth to four children? That your babies, unlike you, will have blue eyes? That they won't be tall like their father? None of this is easy to explain. But in the end, answers to these questions aren't terribly important. What is important is the life of our four-month old son. After four years in suspended animation he was finally allowed to grow. And as he grows we will tell him that he is adopted. We'll frame the picture of him when he was only two cells big and put it on the wall in his room. We'll somehow answer his queries about where babies come from.

In the coming years we will thaw more embryos and, Lord willing, give birth to more of our frozen babies. We have infertile friends who are considering following in our footsteps. Three couples who may provide homes (for nine months and beyond) to

more tiny babies, frozen right after their lives began. Still other couples will make the difficult decision to donate their frozen embryos so they can thaw, divide, implant, gestate, and be born.

I gave birth to my adopted son. It sounds crazy at first. Yet, it's only crazy because there are babies who need both gestation and adoption. They need the warmth and security of the womb before they can experience the warmth and security of their adopted family. Our baby Sam was long awaited. We couldn't have planned his arrival this way if we had tried. Yet here he is. Laughing, smiling, cooing, drooling, squealing, sleeping and eating. Alive today because someone gave away fourteen embryos and God was gracious to allow one of those embryos to become our son.

— Janna Weiler
[The Weilers live in Florida, where
Fr. Matthew teaches Bible at a
Christian school and Janna is a fulltime mom. They attend St. Luke's
Cathedral in Orlando.]

A Bit of Humor...

My grandson was visiting one day when he asked, "Grandma, do you know how you and God are alike?"

I mentally polished my halo while I asked, "No, how

are we alike?"

"You're both old," he replied.

Why do they put Braille on the drive-through bank machines?

③

Our vicar tells of the time she was teaching a class of children. The topic was forgiveness and told the story of the thief on the cross. Finally, she asked the class, "And what were Jesus' last words on the cross?" A hand shot up and one little boy, in his deepest voice answered, "I'll be back!"

③

A little boy opened the very big, very old family Bible with fascination. He carefully examined the old pages as he turned them.

Then something fell out of the Bible and he picked up and looked at it closely. It was an old leaf from a tree that has been pressed in between pages. "Momma, look what I found," the boy called out.

"What have you got there, dear?" his mother asked.

With astonishment in the young boy's voice he answered: "It's Adam's suit!"

Ain't it the truth...
"Lottery: A tax on people who are bad at math."





from The Joyful Noiseletter
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A PRAYER FOR

Ohio

O God, at whose beliest we are given to be weavers at Thy great loom, grant that our labor may be worthy of Thy design. Blessed was the sketch Thou didst imprint upon the land, when hawk and squirrel, whitefish and chestnut tree celebrated together the holy concert of life.

Bless now the human hands that would elaborate Thy plan:
Planting where earth gives promise, building where water warrants hope, and combining the bare elements into countless goods convenient and useful for our common welfare.

Of many climes is gathered the skein; of many colors the coat is woven; knit all together in honest Ohio, giving purpose in her prosperity and glory to her praise of Thee; through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen

About the Cover

Raphael (Raffaello Santi) was an Italian painter and architect of the Italian High Renaissance. Best known for his Madonnas and for his large figure compositions in the Vatican in Rome, his work is admired for its clari-

ty and its visual achievement of the ideal of human grandeur.

Between 1501 and 1503 he received a commission to paint the *Coronation of the Virgin* for the church of San Francesco, Perugia (and now in the Vatican Museum, Rome). In 1504 Raphael ar-

rived in Florence where he studied the works of Leonardo, Michelangelo, and Fra Bartolomeo, masters of the High Renaissance. His teachers in Florence were Leonardo and Michelangelo.

Raphael's last masterpiece

is *The Transfiguration* commissioned in 1517. It is an enormous altarpiece, unfinished at his death but completed by his assistant. It hangs in the Vatican Museum.

The Transfiguration combines elegance with tension and

violence communicated by the agitated gestures of closely crowded groups of figures. It shows a new sensibility that is like the prevision of a new world, turbulent and dynamic; in its feeling and composition it inaugurated the Mannerist movement and

tends toward an expression that may even be called Baroque. Raphael died on his 37th birthday. His funeral mass was celebrated at the Vatican and his *Transfiguration* was placed at the head of the bier. He was buried in the Pantheon in Rome.



HILLSPEAKING

LLOW me a bit of personal history: By the time I was 18 I had lived in Maryland, Tennessee, Georgia, Florida, and the District of Columbia, where I was born. Twenty days after my 18th birthday I enlisted in the Marine Corps and in the ensuing twenty-one years lived and served in South Carolina, the District, Pennsylvania, Florida, North Carolina, Virginia, Hawaii, Korea, New York, and California. After I retired from the Corps I lived and worked in San Antonio. Dallas, Houston and El Paso in Texas; and in Santee, Anaheim, Long Beach, La Habra, and Riverside in California: and, finally, Arkansas.

I am sure my experience is not atypical for a great many Americans of my generation and after. The point is that I never really put down roots, never really had a hometown — until Patient Wife and I moved to Hillspeak. Today

 thirty-odd years later — Hillspeak is home. One thing it lacked, as a hometown, was the felt presence of forebears. I remember writing a "Hillspeaking" some time back in the '80s about St Mark's Cemetery here at Hillspeak where I could visit colleagues and contemporaries who had gone on before, and I compared it with a country churchyard in Virginia where a senior warden had showed us the graves of his father, grandfather and great-grandfather and the plot that was his own.

Although Hillspeak in every sense is home, it lacked that backward tie. When Tom Walker, himself a native of Eureka Springs and thus very much "at home" here, conceived the idea of the Hillspeak Memorial, incised bricks bearing the names of loved ones, colleagues, honorees and the like, that lack was corrected.

Now I have tangible, visible records of my greatgrandfather Samuel, grandfather Simeon, and my father Richard and my mother Evelyn. And of Patient Wife's forebears, including her American Revolution ancestor, a sergeant in the Virginia Militia, and his successors. Also there are visible and tangible records of our marriage and of our five children. The "hometown" sense is complete.

Others have done much the same with the Hillspeak Memorial so there records of Proetzes, Parkes, Dutills, Kennedys, Pearsons, Holts, Glebers, Henrys, Parkers, Watsons, Burtons and a host of others.

If you would like to join them and me in memorializing or honoring forebears or contemporaries, here are particulars about the Hillspeak Memorial and on the wrapper, an order form.

The cost is modest, the purpose is worthwhile, and the benefit is great.

Hillspeak Memorial

To commemorate the start of the second half century of the ministries at Hillspeak, a permanent Memorial, made of incised bricks, was started in 2003 in front of the Foland Cross in Trinity Park.

Individuals and groups may purchase these bricks to honor loved ones or show appreciation for special individuals. For each \$100 contribution, the name of a person you wish to honor will be engraved on a brick. The inscription may contain three lines with up to 14 characters per line. The difference between your contribution and the cost of the memorial will aid in development of an endowment fund to ensure that Hillspeak is able to continue its service to the Church for the next 50 years.

To place an order, use the form on the wrapper or contact the General Manager, Mr. Tom Walker, if you have questions or wish to place an order by telephone. He may be reached at 479-253-9701 weekdays from 8 until 4, Central Time.

⁻ The Trustees' Warden

Holy, Holy, Holy

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty! Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee; Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty! God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, holy, holy! All the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea; Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee, Who was, and is, and evermore shall be.

Holy, holy, holy! Though the darkness hide Thee, Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see; Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee, Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Holy, holy, holy; merciful and mighty!
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity!

- Hymn 362, The Hymnal 1982

Reginald Heber, an Anglican clergyman, wrote the hymn Holy, Holy, Holy for use on Trinity Sunday. Part of Heber's collection of hymns for use with the Anglican Church calendar, Holy, Holy, Was acclaimed by the British Poet Laureate, Alfred, Lord Tennyson, as "the world's greatest hymn." The son of an Anglican rector, Heber came from a family noted for loyalty to Church and crown. During his years at Oxford, he distinguished himself in the study of Latin and Greek and was elected a Fellow of All Souls College in 1804. He cultivated his interest in literature and writing in correspondence with Sir Walter Scott, Robert Southey, and others but devoted most of

his time to the study of theology. Ordained in 1807, Heber was appointed by his older brother to the church at Hodnet where he wrote his hymns.

Dismayed by the quality and apparent irrelevance of psalm singing to the sermon and liturgy, he began writing and collecting hymns with the goal of preparing a hymnal organized around the Church's Year. He sought (unsuccessfully) official sanction for a collection of hymns.

Heber's abilities brought him Church preferment and in 1823, he was named Bishop of Calcutta. In the midst of a grueling but rewarding schedule, Heber continued to write hymns and to work on a hymnal. Holy, Holy, Holy was published in 1826, the year of Heber's premature death, in A Selection of Psalms and Hymns for the Parish Church of Banbury. The hymn appeared again in Heber's posthumous collection, Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Church Service of the Year (1827). It has been sung in the United States at least since 1850 when it was included in *The American Book* of Church Music.

Since the publication of the first edition of Hymns Ancient and Modern in 1861, the text Holy, Holy, Holy has consistently been set to the tune NICAEA. Composed by John Bacchus Dykes, a child prodigy who at the age of ten became the organist at his father's parish church in Kingston upon Hull, NICAEA was written especially for Holy, Holy, Holy. Dykes was born in 1823, the year Heber left England for Calcutta. He studied at Cambridge, took ordination in 1847, continued his education in music at the University of Durham, and served various Durham congregations. The Oxford Movement, with its High Church tendencies and revitalization of Anglican worship, beckoned Dykes who soon became one of its principal composers. He provided some 300 singable tunes for England's prolific hymn writers. Dykes' tunes quickly became standard repertory for major American hymnals.

La Bonne Cuisine

For All Saints' Church, River Ridge, Louisiana, what started in 1974 as a fund-raising dinner has grown into a highly successful nationally-known cookbook, *La Bonne Cuisine*, which is now in its twelfth printing with over 160,000 copies in print. La Bonne Cuisine is an incorporated arm of the

Episcopal Church Women (ECW) of All Saints', but men and children are also involved. The cookbook contains recipes for typical New Orleans food, photographs of New Orleans scenes, recipes from famous local restaurants and short vignettes about New



Orleans customs. AND, it has a magnificent eye-catching cover. Recipes started flowing in from parishioners. They were evaluated, carefully rewritten in standardized form, and tested three times by parishioners at a series of cottage dinners. During the tasting phase everyone gained at least five pounds!

La Bonne Cuisine was born in 1980. Profits were designated to go toward retiring the mortgage of the new church building and to mission work of the church. Currently, \$2.00 from the sales of each LA BONNE CUISINE and COOKING NEW ORLEANS STYLE! goes to hurricane Katrina relief.

Today *La Bonne Cuisine*, under the direction of Ann Ball, publishes three cookbooks, each containing different recipes. In addition to *La Bonne Cuisine*, which currently retails for

\$21.95, Cooking New Orleans Style! retails for \$9.95, and Lagniappe, a small book of appetizers and desserts, retails for \$3.00. Order from Episcopal Churchwomen of All Saints at: La Bonne Cuisine, 100 Rex Drive, River Ridge, LA 70123 or by telephone at 504.737.1416 or 800.375.1416. Visit the web site at www.labonnecuisinecookbooks.com

With literally hundreds of food and beverage recipes — many from noted New Orleans restaurateurs — and countless cooking tips, all thoroughly indexed, it was quite difficult to choose one to sample. For end-of-summer fare, the Shrimp-Stuffed Avocado sounded (and is) refreshingly good:

2 cups peeled boiled shrimp ½ cup diced celery
1 Tbsp chopped green onion
1 Tbsp sweet pickle relish
10 stuffed green olives, sliced
3 hard-cooked eggs, chopped
2 Tbsp lemon juice
½ cup mayonnaise
Salt & pepper to taste
Paprika
2 ripe avocados, halved
Lettuce leaves
Cherry tomatoes
Lemon wedges
Celery sticks

In a large bowl, mix first 7 ingredients. Add mayonnaise, salt, pepper, and paprika and toss gently. Chill mixture thoroughly. Mound shrimp salad into the avocado halves. Place them on lettuce leaves and arrange cherry tomatoes, lemon wedges, and celery sticks around the avocados. Serves 6.

Environmental Stewards

Consider what you can do to take care of the environment in which you live, to make it a healthy place for future generations. Being good stewards of the environment is important "... For the good earth which God has given us, and for the wisdom and will to conserve it, let us pray to the Lord..." This entry from the BCP, Prayers of the People Form I call us to do our part.

Consider what you can do to take of this gift from God — reduce your trash by recycling more, walk or carpool if possible, reuse resources, practice environmental stew-

ardship.

How long does it take what you throw away to decay? Perhaps reading these answers may trigger an idea for you and your family.

Paper • 2-4 Months
Orange Peel • 6 Months
Sneaker Soles • 1.5 Years
Wool Socks • 1.5 Years
Tin Cans • 80-100 Years
Filter Cigarettes •
10-12 Years
Milk Carton, Wax Cups

80-100 Years
Aluminum Cans, Tabs •
100-200 Years
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-Joan Bachtell & Cathy Ware, St. Mark's, Boonsboro, Maryland



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Operation Pass Along

From Mzimba, Malawi:

2006 Greetings from Malawi. I am very thankful on what Operation Pass Along is doing to me. Please, on my behalf, send my words of thanks to all those who donate various items to Operation Pass Along. I appreciate their role and pray for God's blessings.

- The Rev. Fr. Charles Arnold Damlon



From Apayo Province, Philippines:

Today I received a carton of vestments; eleven pieces in all, from Operation Pass Along. Thank you so much for the said vestments which are so useful in our local church. Extend my regards and best wishes to the staff, workers, and donors of Operation Pass Along and may God continue to bless your noble work.

- The Rev. Federico Valerio



Christian books, hymnals, prayer books, vestments, and clerical items are welcomed so that we might "pass them along." They may be sent to:

Operation Pass Along 805 CR 102 Eureka Springs, AR 72632



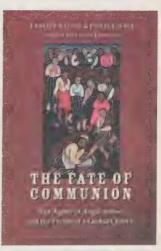
CREAM OF THE CROP



06-4

The Anglican Book Club selection for the Summer is The Fate of Communion: The Agony of Anglicanism and the Fate of a Global Church, by Philip Turner and Ephraim Radner.

In this timely book two priest-scholars, Ephraim Radner and Philip Turner, examine the future of the concept of "communion" as a viable church structure, tracing its historical development as a self-conscious Anglican third way between Protestant congregationalism and



Catholic centralism. In examining this essential issue, Radner and Turner relate the specific challenges of the U.S. Episcopal Church to the unity of the worldwide communion, touching on such divisive issues as the place of Scripture, liberal theology, and episcopal authority.

Compelling reading for Episcopalians and those in other traditions who are searching for a truly Christian approach to these thorny topics, *The Fate of Communion* is a forthright,

direct examination of a church in turmoil.

For membership information, please turn the page.

ANGLICAN BOOK CLUB

THE ANGLICAN BOOK CLUB'S membership, figured on an annual (but not calendar) year basis, provides members with four carefully selected classic or contemporary books for \$45, postpaid, in the United States or \$52 outside the U.S. (in U.S. funds). Membership may be entered or renewed any time during the calendar year and will consist of the next four books selected. Written by articulate and informed authors, each book is fully guaranteed; any book not wanted may be returned for credit within ten days of its receipt.

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Rise Up

About 20 years ago, my son, Roy, was rushed to Children's Hospital in New Orleans for an emergency craniotomy for a subdural hematoma. I prayed and prayed, and I asked others to pray for Roy's recovery. I am happy to note that two weeks ago Roy came home from LSU so that he could hear the sermon.

Roy's accident and operation had occurred in February. Then, one year after that accident and surgery, give or take a week or two, my family was in church for Ash Wednesday services. At the proper time in that service, Roy, who at the time was almost three years old, came to the altar rail with his mother and his sister. I, as celebrant at that service, dipped my thumb into a bowl of burned palm leaves that had been left over from the previous Palm Sunday. I stood in front of my son, Roy, the child that I had prayed for with all of my heart and soul, I stood in front of him

and imposed a cross of ashes on his forehead and said to him, "Remember that thou art dust and to dust you shall return."

My son, Roy, will die. My wife, Susan, will die. My daughter, Amity, will die. All of you will die. And, yes, I will die. All of the prayers for healing ever said, all of the miraculous cures ever obtained, they all end in the same result. The person prayed for will die or is already dead. I am fully aware that my prayers for my family when they are ill, my prayers for you when you are ill, all the Prayers of the People said in church will not make anyone immortal. Only God is immortal. If the greatest miracle that you can imagine is a miraculous cure from an accident or sickness or disease, then at some point be prepared for your prayer to fail. But, God will not have failed you.

In the Gospel of Luke we find the story often given the title of "The Healing of the Paralytic." While it is true

that the paralytic gets healed,... the miraculous cure is not the point of the story. The good news in this story is that God forgives sins. The paralytic can rejoice for a time that the strength in his limbs has been restored by Tesus. That he can take up his pallet and walk. But the time will come for the paralytic when his body will begin again to fail him. Organs will malfunction and then quit. The body of the once paralytic will die. But as he lies dying, the once paralytic can rejoice in this: His sins are forgiven.

Recently, on cable TV they have been showing Clint Eastwood's outstanding movie, Million Dollar Baby. It can be, at times, a difficult movie to watch. In one moving scene in that movie Clint Eastwood is agonizing over the total paralysis of Hilary Swank. Eastwood has taken Swank, in the characters that they play, from being a 30year-old waitress to the woman's world championship in boxing. Now, Swank is paralyzed and

dying. Morgan Freeman, Eastwood's closest friend, consoles him as best he can. Freeman tells Eastwood, "We all die, but we all don't take our shot. She'll die happy knowing that she took hers."

Death is made impossible to face by a guilty conscience, knowing that we will take to our grave grievous things done and left undone. The belief in life after death is no consolation if eternity means eternal guilt. Million Dollar Baby strikes a powerful chord with us; it resonates in us because it understands that human longing to live into grace. We all want to be the most we can be. What we know here in church, what Hollywood forgets to mention or doesn't know at all, is that our shot begins with the forgiveness of sins. We cannot do the good, we cannot love, we cannot know peace or virtue until we turn our back on sin and seek forgiveness. The healing forgiveness that enters your soul is immeasurably better than any bodily cure. It certainly lasts longer. It is why Jesus

said first, "My son, your sins are forgiven," before he said, "Rise, take up your pallet and go home".

I recently traveled to Chicago to visit my sister Barbara. A few weeks ago my sister, Barbara, called to tell me she had phase four cancer in her lungs and a brain tumor. I pray every day, several times a day that God will cure her and give her many more years than the two vears her doctor has predicted. I will not stand here and tell you that physical cure, miraculous physical cure, is somehow not worthy of your prayer. I have asked God for more of those miracles than any of you would want to count. I know that my sister will die. I just do not want

her to die any time soon. Still, I want her to be comforted in the knowledge that she is forgiven - to live whatever time she has left knowing that she is saved by Our Lord, Jesus Christ. I want her to live fully into the grace that is available to her in the time that is available to her Of courses, that is what I want for all of us: To live in the knowledge that our sins have been forgiven, our transgressions blotted out and forgotten; to keep our spirit alive when our bodies are strong, when our bodies are weak, and after our bodies are gone. Amen.

- The Rev. Roy G. Pollina, St. Michael's, Mandeville, Louisiana

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A Pilgrimage to Our Lady of Walsingham

Having served for ten years at St. Martin's, Hawksburn, where there is a treasured shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, it was inevitable that I make my pilgrimage to the Anglican Shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham in the North of Norfolk, England. The Shrine at Walsingham is a renowned place of pilgrimage.

Its story goes back to 1061 when the young Saxon Richeldis of Walsingham received a vision of the Blessed Virgin Mary. A shrine soon developed and became known as England's Nazareth. It was a place of pilgrimage for 500 years, second only to Canterbury, until its destruction under Cromwell. It remained abandoned until 1920 when it was reestablished as a place of pilgrimage. The present Shrine was completed in 1932 and, with Our Lady as exemplar, focuses on the incarnation - the mystery of the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. The Shrine speaks in the world about the eternal things of God revealed in Jesus Christ. The prayers and intercessions offered there are for everyone everywhere and for those in need.

It was high summer when I visited Walsingham. The surrounding fields had been freshly tilled. The narrow village streets were lined with tiny houses and shops, straggly summer flowers bedded in stony nooks, and a multifingered sign pointed the way to the Anglican Shrine. The rather low Church and tower, so familiar from pictures, soon came into sight and through the entrance its red brick and stone cloistered walls looked



plain and unremarkable. Once inside there was so much to see within walls blackened with soot from candles and oil lamps: the glorious majolica Annunciation, fragments from the original Shrine, the smell of incense, hanging lamps and votive candles along the length of the walls, the majestic statue of Our Lady and Child, gloriously crowned, coped and enthroned above the highly gilded altar, the swathe of intercessory petitions. We spent time enjoying the prayerful space, lighting candles and sensing the peace - a meeting place of heaven and earth.

A priest called us to join a guided tour. He told the story of the Shrine and its ministry of prayer and healing. He then led a liturgy of prayer and introduced us to the sacred spring and well set against the outside walls of the Church. Somewhat like entering an early baptistry, the steps lead down to the well and up out the other side. The priest prayed and offered us the healing waters — no meagre sprinkle — but overflowing, ladleful after ladleful of the

clear cool water lavished on every person. "Come and receive all you want!" called the priest — and so we did.

Having lost my sense of smell for some years, I asked for healing of my sinuses. "Breathe it in!" charged the priest, pouring the cool water over my face while I breathed and gasped. Our laughter and gratitude overflowed with the generosity of God's grace in this priest's offering at the spring of the Shrine of Walsingham. I will never forget the happy freedom of God's goodness received through that priest's ministry.

Reluctantly, we left the Shrine and completed the day wandering the village streets, enticed by the shops and cafes, until we chose a place to have a welcome cup of tea and buy postcards. As we drove away from Walsingham through the farmlands I remarked, "What an awful smell, they must have laid down manure — Praise God! I can smell!"

The Rev. Patricia Bouma,
 St. James the Great,
 East St. Kilda, Australia

WE RECOMMEND

[These books are NOT available through The Anglican Bookstore but should be available from your local bookseller.]

• Blessed Among All Women by Robert Ellsberg (Crossroad Publishing). From the bestselling author of All Saints comes this new collection of devotional sketches on history's greatest women. From Joan of Arc to Anne Frank to Mary Magdalene, Ellsberg offers insights into the way that women of all faiths and backgrounds have lived out the lives of sanctity, mysticism, social justice, and world reform. Blessed Among All Women fea-



tures new material along with the best women saints of *All Saints*, for over 120 inspirational readings. The perfect companion to *All Saints*, *Blessed* features over 20 pieces of inspirational art. Robert Ellsberg is editor-in-chief of Orbis Books and author of several books, including *All Saints: Daily Reflections on Saints, Prophets, and Witnesses for Our Time* and *The Saints' Guide to Happiness*. **Suggested Price - \$15**

• *On-the-Job Prayers* by William David Thompson (ACTA Publications). William David Thompson is a retired pastor and seminary professor who now manages a family business.



He has lectured widely, including a teaching fellowship at Cambridge University and seminars in communications for corporate executives and military chaplains on three continents. He is the author of eight books and numerous articles.

This book is for people who go to work every day, whether in an office, factory or at home, with the resources of the Christian faith: a belief in God who creates, in Jesus Christ who redeems, and in the Holy Spirit who guides. It stands out from the growing number of books on the spirituality of work movement in that it is not so much about the spirituality of work as that it invites readers to practice the spirituality of work through prayer on the job. Each prayer session includes a Scripture text to help readers focus, a reading from a variety of thinkers and writers, and concludes with a workplace prayer — many written especially for *On-the-Job Prayers*. Readings come from people like Rudolph Giuliani, Reinhold Neibuhr, Florence Henderson, and Martin Luther King, Jr. The book includes a source index, a scripture index, and a subject index. **Suggested Price - \$10**

• God's Life in Trinity by Miroslav Volf and Michael Welker (Editors) (Augsburg Fortress Press). Miroslav Volf is Henry B. Wright Professor of Theology at Yale Divinity School. Among his notable books is After Our Likeness: The Church as the Image of the Trinity (Eerdmans, 1998). Michael Welker is Professor of Systematic Theology and Director of the Internationales Wissenschaftsfourm at the



University of Heidelberg. Among his influential books are Creation and Reality and God the Spirit (Fortress Press).

Jürgen Moltmann's distinctive insights in trinitarian theology — especially about the relations within God and God's presence in creation — are revolutionary for theology and set the stage for these further explorations. The esteemed group of contributors in this volume probes new ways of understanding the triune character of God. Suggested Price - \$24

• The Word That Redescribes the World: The Bible and Discipleship by Walter Brueggemann and Patrick D. Miller (Augsburg Fortress Press). In the last several years, Walter Brueggemann's writings have directly addressed the situa-

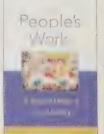


tion of Christian communities in today's globalized context, with its consumerist lifestyles, vast inequalities, and near-imperial exercises of power. His insights, forged in rugged encounters with the texts of the Old Testament, are sharp, painful, and indispensable. In the people Israel, Brueggemann finds a model of an alternative community — anchored in YHWH, ever exploring new possibilities, and

prophetically bent against empire. In three parts: Part I: The Word Redescribing the World, Part II: The Word Redefining the Possible, and Part III: The Word Shaping a Community of

Discipleship. Suggested Price - \$35

• The People's Work: A Social History of the Liturgy by Frank C. Senn (Augsburg Fortress Press). In this first book to document the full history of ordinary Christians' liturgical expression, distinguished liturgical historian and theologian Frank Senn ventures behind the liturgical screen, behind the texts, and behind the rubrics to reconstruct the structures of everyday religious expression in Christian history. Suggested Price - \$35



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DEATHS

THE REV. DR. NIGEL LYON ANDREWS, 84, in Jamestown, New York. A graduate of Berkeley Divinity School in New Haven, he was ordained in 1955 and served at St. Ann's, Old Lyme, Connecticut, for eight years as its first Rector. From 1962 to 1979 he served as Rector at Trinity, Concord, Massachusetts. He participated with other pastors in the civil rights march from Selma to Montgomery, Alabama, and later with other churches hosted at Trinity Church a program for disaffected young people which won acclaim in a committee report of the American Psychiatric Association. He also hosted Richard Cardinal Cushing, Archbishop of Boston, as a guest preacher at Trinity Church in the early years of ecumenical dialogue. In 1979 he accepted a call to St. Peter's By-the-Sea, Narragansett, Rhode Island, and served there for seven years until his formal retirement in

1987. He served as a trustee of Berkeley for several terms, and was awarded an honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. He was a longtime member and former Superior of The Brotherhood of the Way of the Cross.

THE REV. SOLOMON NAPO-LEON JACOBS, 85, Maryland. He graduated from Bishop Payne Divinity School in 1948 and was ordained to the Priesthood in May of 1949. He served as rector of churches in Panama, Nicaragua, Omaha, Nebraska, Cleveland, Ohio, and Washington, D.C. and as chaplain supervisor at St. Elizabeth Hospital in Washington D.C. from 1974 until his retirement from active ministry in November 1985. In retirement, he was an interim priest in the diocese of Washington and served three years part-time on the staff of the Washington National Cathedral. In 2000 Fr. Jacobs was

awarded an Honorary in Fairbury, Wymore, and Doctorate from Virginia Theological Seminary (which merged with Bishop Payne Divinity School). He was active in the civil rights movement during the 1960's, doing voter registration and participating in school integration protests in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, and Atlanta, Georgia and was active in the Episcopal Society for Cultural and Racial Unity and the Union of Black Episcopalians.

THE REV. WILLIAM GAM-MON JARRELL, 83, in Miami, Florida. Ordained a priest in 1959, he served parishes in the Diocese of Texas as well as in Missouri and Georgia. While in Texas, he was also chaplain at the University of Texas Medical Branch in Galveston from 1967 to 1977 while serving as vicar for two Galveston congregations.

H THE REV. CHARLES PEDER-SEN, 72, in Fremont, Nebraska. He graduated from the Berkeley Divinity School in New Haven, Conn., and was ordained in 1957. He served Hebron, Nebraska before serving in Pawling, New York for four years and at Trinity, Stamford, Connecticut for seven. He served at All Saints, Omaha, from 1971 and was a chaplain at Brownell Talbot School in Omaha until retiring in 1993.

THE RT. REV. WILLIAM C. R. SHERIDAN, 88, in Culver, Indiana. He graduated from Nashotah House in 1939 and Carroll College in 1942 and was ordained in the Diocese of Maryland. Bishop Sheridan was a loyal alumnus of Nashotah House and served as a member and president of the board of trustees. school awarded him two honorary doctorate degrees. He also studied at St. Mary's College, Notre Dame. Chosen the Fifth Bishop of the Diocese of Northern Indiana in 1972, his consecration took place in the Basilica of the Sacred Heart, Notre Dame, at the special invitation of the Rev. Theodore M. Hesburgh, then president of the University. For the next 15 years he was based at the Cathedral Church of St. James, South Bend until he retired in 1987. Though officially retired, Bishop Sheridan never stopped serving the Church and its people. He assisted at St. Thomas Church and served as a supply priest in many parishes. Bishop Sheridan served more than 200 parishes, retreat houses, and colleges during his "retirement." He served as priest at St. Elizabeth's in Culver following the death of their vicar.

DR. ELAINE MURRAY STONE, 83, in Melbourne, Florida. Elaine Murray Stone was an award-winning author of nineteen books for adults and children, including Brevard County: At the Edge of Sea and Space, Carter G. Woodson: Father of Black History, Mother Teresa: A Life of Love, Maximilian Kolbe: Saint of Auschwitz, and C.S. Lewis: Creator of Narnia. She was buried in her Franciscan habit and cross. Her first book, Taming of the Tongue, was published in 1954. Many of her books won First Prize awards from State and

National Pen Women Conventions, National Society Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Space Coast Writer's Guild. Dr. Stone conducted choirs and played the organ at various churches in New York, New Jersey, and Florida as well as teaching piano and organ privately. Her choral works were performed at many churches around the USA, and she played her original piano works at concerts and accompanied the Strawbridge Ballet on its national tour. She also was a member of De Colores, a Stephen Minister for Holy Trinity Episcopal Church, a member of the Third Order of Franciscans, a lifetime member of the Episcopal Church, and donor to many organizations for the poor.

WOODHAMS, 88, in Gig Harbor, Washington. He was a Navy supply officer in the North Pacific during World War II. After the war, he attended the Episcopal Theological Seminary in

Cambridge, Massachusetts and served as associate rector at St. Luke's in San Francisco before moving to Christ Church in Tacoma. After Tacoma, the next stop was St. Paul's Within-the-Walls Episcopal parish in Rome during the reforms of the ecumenical council Vatican II. He was rector at St. Paul's Within-the-Walls from 1961-82. Fr. Woodhams fostered religious bridge building by opening St. Paul's meeting rooms to Catholic archbishops and cardinals - including Cardinal Giovanni Montini who became Pope Paul VI. While in Rome, he established a refugee center that still exists. His last year there, he took a sabbatical to study Jungian analysis at the C.G. Jung Institute in Switzerland. He then retired and returned to Gig Harbor.

XXX

Rest eternal, grant unto them O Lord, and let light-perpetual shine upon them. May they Rest in Peace and Rise in Glory.



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God is Love

Love can change you. I was once a scrawny little farm boy. Shy and unsure of myself, I was the shrinking violet of wallflowers. When I was in the 9th grade I road a bus to the county seat, Warsaw, to go to school. My neighbors and I were picked up from the surrounding farms and bussed to the nearest farm village, Claypool. There, students from another village, Silver

Lake, joined us.

We all rode the bus together to Warsaw - Claypool kids in the front, Silver Lake kids in the back. I knew the kids from Claypool. They had been my classmates since kindergarten. But the kids from Silver Lake were new. One particular girl from Silver Lake caught my eye. Her name was Tammy Metzger. She was beautiful. In fact, I was sure Tammy Metzger was the most beautiful creature on God's green earth. But, as 9th grade girls often do to 9th grade boys, she intimidated the living daylights out of me. It never crossed my mind to even speak to her, let alone tell her

that I thought she was beautiful. One day on the way from Claypool to Warsaw, a message was passed up from the back of the bus. Somebody tapped me on the shoulder and said, "Matt, Tammy Metzger said she thinks you're cute." Unbelievable! Amazing! It changed me.

It didn't change me a lot, at least at first. I was still too shy ever to say anything to her. But, hearing that somebody who I thought was so incredibly beautiful even noticed me, let alone thought I was "cute", did begin to change me in subtle, but real ways. If Tammy Metzger thought I was cute, maybe there was something about me that I was missing. In fact, the very next day, as I was leaving the school, another girl stopped me in the hall and said, "I heard Tammy Metzger thinks you're cute. I don't know what she sees in you." But, she wasn't Tammy. The fact that Tammy Metzger thought I was cute meant that whatever anyone else thought was irrelevant. I was cute.

God is love. It was around that same time, and probably

not accidentally, that I began to first experience God's love as something that was real, as something that was vital, as something that was directed at me. In spite of my insecurities, in spite of my feelings; God loved me. Perhaps, God even thought I was cute. God delighted in me and desired to share his life with me. And I was dazzled by the splendor of God's beauty.

Unlike my inability to fully receive and respond to Tammy's overture, I did respond to God's. And in ways more profound than with Tammy, that good news began to work a change in me. No matter how often and in how many ways the Adversary has said, "I don't know what God sees in you;" knowing God's love in Jesus Christ has made the words of the Naysayer irrelevant. I am loved.

I wonder if this story might be a sort of parable for evangelism. At its most basic, evangelism is simply a matter of inviting others to get on the bus – the Church – so they can hear the message. It is the message that has been passed down through the centuries from one generation's "seat" to that of the next until someone tapped us on the shoulder and said, In Christ, God was reconciling the world . . ." "God so loved the world that he gave his only Son . . ." We have received the good news that God delights in us and desires to welcome us into his life and joy. In the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ and the gift of the Holy Spirit, God has declared his love and made for us to enter into that love more fully. Let's invite others to get on the bus where they too can hear of God's transforming love in Jesus Christ.

> The Very Rev. Matthew Gunter, St. Barnabas, Glen Ellyn, Illinois



Advertisement

Worry and Faith

I'm a worrier. I've tried to stop worrying but I can't seem to do it. And that's pretty embarrassing for someone in the "faith" business. There's ample reason for me not to worry. My life really isn't very hard. I'm surrounded by good things, good people. I work in a holy place and spend most of my time with situations where God is making himself known. It's actually unimaginable how someone could not be happy in a life like mine. And I am happy. But still I'm a worrier. I obsess about little things. When there are big things going on, I wake up at 2:30 worried about them. And when there aren't big things going on, I wake up at 2:30 worried about little things. Regularly I ask God to help me not worry. But the answer I seem to get is that worry is simply a struggle assigned to me.

Since I haven't been able to get rid of the worry, I've learned to live with it. Wisdom suggests that acceptance is the first step toward change

and I'm still working on acceptance. Accepting that I am a worrier has been more productive than asking God to take it away from me. I spent some years pretending I didn't worry. I then moved into trying to get rid of it. Now I'm more in the place of saying, There I go again, worrying about things that I probably shouldn't.

Wisdom suggests that acceptance leads to gratitude and, in an odd way, I'm becoming grateful that I'm a worrier. It does lead me to get some things done that this little part of the world needs to have done. But more selfishly, and more importantly, worrying leads me to God. When I catch myself worrying, it's a good reminder to pray. It's a good reminder that I have wandered out to the cold edge of faith and need to return to the warmer center. It's a reminder that, were it not for God's grace, worry would consume and destroy me. It's a reminder that God abides even in the tiniest details of my life. He's not waiting far away to see if I can solve these little problems

and earn his visitation. He's a constant presence, upholding me and all his creatures. As I wade into the worrying, I eventually find him waiting for me. Then comes the assurance, the comfort, the nurture that I need. In that way, my worrying always leads me to the Lord. And he's never greeted me with scolding for worrying. He's always greeted me with a softer revelation of grace: you need me and you have me.

Worry seems to be my assigned struggle. It's a struggle I often wish I didn't have but it's a struggle that, more often, reminds me of my place in God's world. As I am faithful to the struggle, I find Christ's presence. Being faithful here seems to involve acceptance, prayer, opening my heart, and letting go. So far I haven't been able to choose not to worry but I have learned a little about choosing what to do when the worry comes. I can choose to give it to the Lord. I can choose to trust that this struggle will reveal God's grace. I can choose to be hopeful and open my heart to the love of Christ. I can choose to accept my struggle and learn to be grateful.

Maybe some struggles need to be resisted and pushed away. Most struggles, however, probably need to be accepted and embraced as places where God will reveal himself. What might be your struggle this day? How might it lead you to Christ? You do need him. And he is there.

The Rev. Robert C.
 Wisnewski, Jr.,
 St. John's,
 Montgomery, Alabama



from The Joyful Noiseletter
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A Life Worth Living

I am the Lord your God, who brought you out of the land of Egypt Exodus 20: 1-17

Americans, it seems to me, are not overly fond of rules and commandments. Liberty and freedom are words that touch our hearts. We pride ourselves in making our own decisions and being beholden to no one. We desire to be our own masters and chafe at the thought of being told what to do. We want to make our own commandments and our own rules, not slavishly follow those of someone else.

The truth of the matter is that none of us can live without anchor points in our lives. As Paul noted in Romans, we are all slaves to someone or something. We are so constructed that something must be central to our lives or we will careen off course into the abyss. If we paused long enough in our day, it would not take us long to determine without much difficulty the commandments by which we run our lives. The internal gods that we worship have their own scriptures and their own commandments which we adhere to with incredible loyalty. The irony in all this is that the gods we create and follow in our inner lives are far more demanding, much less loving, and the bearers of "bad news" above ourselves.

Our reading from Exodus is the familiar story of God's giving of the Ten Commandments that seem clearly to point to a lifestyle that was to differentiate the children of Israel from the surrounding culture. It is a way of saying that because of what God has done for you - delivering you from the house of bondage – you shall therefore live differently. Thanksgiving and gratitude, when they are remembered, influence the style, color and content of life. I like to think about the Ten Commandments as a kind of owner's manual that God has given us so that we know how to behave so that we might flourish. In giving these words to the Hebrew people after rescuing them from a life of slavery, in their new freedom God gave them something to live by — something that would always provide guidance and would bind them together, to both God and each other, that they might be a caring, compassionate and vital community.

The reformers saw three main purposes in these words. First, by exposing and convicting us of our sin, the law serves to show us that we all need the saving and healing forgiveness of God. They let us know that we cannot count on our own strength or intelligence or goodness but stand constantly in need of the love and mercy of God made known in Jesus Christ. The second purpose of the law is to restrain evil and give order to civil society. They might be understood as the outer boundaries of human community and life. Where there is murder, adultery, theft, and lies, there is no human community; indeed, there is no human life. In the third place, the ten words are not just commandments directing us how we should live. They are promises of the joys and blessings that will abound when God's kingdom is fulfilled. The commandments are a promise to us also. They provide us with an opportunity for identity, freedom, and grace.

In examining the gift of identity we have to remember that for the Hebrew people, what influenced the style, color and content of life was in remembering with thanksgiving and gratitude all that God had done for them in delivering them to a new kind of freedom. Our identity is not just as an individual but is understood corporately. What is understood in these commandments is not individual performance, but an existence where the selfhood of each was to be completed in that of all the others. No person alone can be a fully human self. In fact, we can keep no command alone. Further, in breaking any, we break life's wholeness for all.

Some questions come to mind as we explore our corporate identity. Does the church today, the faith community, the family of God, represent something rare and unique? Does it offer something not to be replicated or

does it sometimes feel that our little group doesn't have much to offer people? Does it invite people to share in something that is not available in any other scheme of things? Does it inspire people to invest themselves in creative endeavors, to support their colleagues in risky ventures and pay whatever price is necessary to honor God's claim on our lives and to live morally and ethically in our culture and under present day constraints? Both our individual and our corporate identities are shaped by our positive responses to these vital questions.

Secondly, we might very well be asking where is the freedom in trying to obey these ten words? Christian faith clings to the confidence that God does have access to human hearts (Rom. 2:15). What should impress us most about the law that God gives us is His love in giving these words to us. God's love comes prior to the law. Our keeping the law therefore is not intended to be a means by which we are to gain God's approval or favor. The law in

its fullest sense as it was given to the early Hebrews includes creating and shaping corporate identity and consciousness. If planted in our hearts instead of intellectualized in our minds, the Ten Commandments give the framework for a life that creates the conditions where human relationships can thrive and grow, where intimacy can prevail, and where true freedom is experienced. Thus, instead of focusing on "sins," we look at the whole concept of "sin." Instead of highlighting what we have done, the ten words help us explore what we are.

And finally, the only thing that cures sin and any failure on our part to be shaped by these is the grace and power of God. The Ten Commandments cannot make anyone good. If we do not understand them in their true breadth and depth, we may fall under the illusion that we are keeping them, when we are not. If we do understand them, they will simply describe the life for which we were created and from which we have fallen short.

Imagine, if you will, an

archery target. There are two ways to hit the center. The first is to shoot an arrow and then paint the target around it You'll never miss. But there is also no need for grace. The other way is to keep aiming and trying to hit the center. It is by God's grace that we are given new opportunities to keep going for the center. Our freedom is exemplified in this arena of life, one of love and encouragement. It is only when we recognize and confess the sin that has turned us, sadly, away from God and into ourselves and only when we accept and trust the forgiveness and love of God in Jesus Christ that our healing can begin.

God did not give these commandments out of any stern and selfish need. God did not give these laws to make the people miserable slaves to a new tyrant. Rather God, who loved and saved them, showed them how to live in that new freedom and how to respond to this liberat-

ing grace. Amen.

 The Rev. Craig M. Kallio, St. Stephen's, Oak Ridge, Tennessee



Lord,
Help me to live this day,
quietly, easily.
To lean upon Thy great strength
trustfully, restfully.
To wait for the unfolding of
Thy will,
patiently, serenely.
To meet others
peacefully, joyously.
To face tomorrow
confidently, courageously.
— St Francis of Assisi

from The Rev. Eric Hampson, New South Wales, Australia From the Editor ...

Trust in the Lord

Vindicate me, O LORD, for I have walked in my integrity, and I have trusted in the LORD without wavering.

- Psalm 26:1

The verbs and key words in this verse are all so pregnant with meaning. Vindicate me, the psalmist begins, using a verb meaning to govern and to judge, and also to describe a judge's ability to discriminate between persons, as well as to depict God in the final judgment as the one who vindicates that which is right and just. "For with my integrity I have walked," literally in the Hebrew, the word integrity being given a place of emphasis, and meaning wholeness or completeness of character.

And then comes the wonderful verb to trust, to rely on, to place one's confidence in, to make the source of one's security. Always when one seeks to trust in the Lord there is opposition and struggle against our being able to do this, and this psalm reflects that by saying the trusting is to be done "without wavering." In the original language this last word means to slip, slide, totter or shake. One of the instances of this verb in the Old Testament comes from 2 Samuel 22:32-37:

"For who is God, but the LORD? And who is a rock, except our God? This God is my strong refuge, and has made my way safe. He made my feet like hinds' feet, and set me secure on the heights. He trains my hands for war, so that my arms can bend a bow of bronze. Thou hast given me the shield of thy salvation, and thy help made me great. Thou didst give a wide place for my steps under me, and my feet did not slip."

It is worth pausing and asking what it really means to trust in the Lord without slipping, and to pray to be the kind of person who lives like that.

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